

# *A Thirsty Land*



*Algiers Mission Band*

No. 125.

MARCH, 1959.

# ALGIERS MISSION BAND

## HEADQUARTERS:

DAR NAAMA, 45 AV. CLEMENCEAU, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

*Founded in 1888 by Miss I. Lilius Trotter*

*General Secretary:* MR. H. W. BUCKENHAM.

(Ixworth, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk).

*Corresponding Secretary at Headquarters:* MISS V. WOOD.

*Treasurer:* MR. P. G. LONGLEY.

---

## GREAT BRITAIN

*Office:* 76, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. (*Telephone:* WELbeck 0279)

*Secretary-Treasurer:* Miss D. B. Edge.

### *Home Advisory Council:*

	Mr. Horace F. Berry (Chairman).	
Miss O. M. Botham.	Mrs. H. G. Kaye.	Mrs. M. E. Waine.
Mr. H. W. Buckenham.	Mr. John L. Oliver.	Mr. R. W. Withers.
Mr. L. R. S. Clarke.	Rev. H. R. Smart.	

## DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVES:

*London:* Mr. H. F. Berry, 12, Briston Grove, Crouch End, London, N.8.

*Essex:* Mr. R. W. Withers, Valentine Lodge, 146, Cranbrook Road, Ilford.

*Bedfordshire:* Mrs. R. Green, Red Cow Farm, Bidwell, Dunstable, Beds.

*Lancashire:* Mr. W. Lister, 25, Burnside Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs.

*Yorkshire (Leeds and Bradford Districts):* Mr. W. S. Ramsden

61, Randolph Street, Bramley, Leeds, 13, Yorks.

*Scotland (Edinburgh District):* Mrs. Duncan Campbell, 38, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh, 12.

.. (*Glasgow District*): Mrs. R. Wilson, Loudonbank,

5, Belleisle Avenue, Uddingston, Glasgow.

.. (*Dundee District*): Mr. A. Miller, 25, Perth Road, Dundee, Angus.

---

## U.S.A.

*Hon. Corresponding Secretary:* Mrs. Myrtle Hare, 609, California Boulevard, Toledo, 12, Ohio.

*Referees:* Dr. Philip E. Howard, Jr., Sunday School Times, Heid Building, N. 13th Street, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

.. Dr. J. Edwin Orr, 11451, Berwick Ave., Los Angeles 49, California.

---

### *Other Referees:*

Mlle. L. Saillens, L'Institut Biblique, 39, Grand'rue, Nogent-sur-Marne, (Seine), France.

Mr. le Pasteur Chatoney, 31, rue Clauzel, Algiers.

Mr. le Pasteur Rolland, Tizi-Ouzou, Algeria.

Mr. Leutenegger, Hennaya, Tlemcen, Algeria.

Rev. Duncan Campbell, 38, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh 12, Scotland.

Rev. Percy Hassam, Bacton Hall, Stowmarket, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Mr. G. E. M. Govan, 74, Crumlen Road, Dublin, Eire.

Dr. Martyn Lloyd-Jones, Westminster Chapel, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W. 1.

Rev. Geoffrey R. King, 3, Ashburton Road, Croydon.

Mrs. Northcote Deck, South Drive, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

Rt. Rev. G. F. B. Morris, 902, Hadelle Heights, Paul Nel Street, Hillbrow, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Dr. René Pache, L'Institut Emmaus, Vennes-sur-Lausanne, Switzerland.

# A THIRSTY LAND

The Quarterly Magazine of the Algiers Mission Band

*Annual Subscription, including postage:*

Three shillings (Great Britain)

50 cents (U.S.A.)

---

No. 125.

MARCH, 1959.

---

## A DESERT CHRISTMAS—TOUGGOURT, 1958

**N**O carol services, no waits, no assembling together with dear relatives and friends, or with missionary colleagues, no Christian fellowship of any kind—such was the prospect, but as I faced it the words **BUT GOD** rang in my ears ; and the assurance followed that He would do something wonderful which would more than compensate for the lack of all those things which usually make Christmas a very happy time, He did!

Christmas Eve, the children's fêtes being over—and very happy occasions they were as sparkling eyes testified—I sat down in front of the Radio and turned the button, hoping to find a service going on somewhere. I was not disappointed, and soon found myself joining in a beautiful Christmas Service in the dear Homeland which lasted an hour and brought to me that mighty warmth of Christian Communion which never fails to uplift and strengthen.

Christmas Day dawned dull and cold with a biting wind, and but few people were on the streets as I struggled up the hill later. I was on my way to Special 2, with very mixed feelings, not being at all sure what my welcome would be by the in-laws, and praying I might get a few moments alone with her—however, we have to remember God's ways are not our ways.—Then came my first verbal Christmas greeting from a most unexpected quarter : a lusty voice proceeding from a figure muffled in a burnous walking down the hill wished me a happy fête ; and as I walked towards it the hood was thrown back, and the ruddy face of Special 2's father-in-law emerged with a repetition of Christmas blessings. He shook hands very heartily, so, gaining courage, I asked if I might visit his household—to which he replied "Why, of course, Mademoiselle." In a spirit of awe and expectation on I went, and soon found myself in a big kitchen in front of a huge log fire (most welcome on that cold morning) and with all the family round me, each vying with the other to be the first to wish me a Happy Christmas. After some friendly chatter, in which even the fanatical old grannie joined, and the distribution of a few little gifts and goodies, they gathered closer round me as I read the Christmas Story and John I, and gave them the wonderful message of the Incarnation—even Grannie forgot to cover her

mouth lest the evil spirit should enter. As for Special 2, she listened with a very sad look on her face, and many a furtive glance at her husband, mixed it seemed to me with longing—he was looking over my shoulder as I read the passages from the Scriptures and appeared most responsive during the talk which followed. Again I did not get Special alone and have yet to discover the reason for her sadness. Do pray that the young husband's heart may be reached. He is looking for a post; how good if he should find one in a town where there is a male missionary, and where she, away from that fanatical old grannie who seems to rule the roost, would be able to blossom out and to become one in Jesus with her husband. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

In the afternoon a visit to Special 1 was equally heartening. I found her alone, her relatives having gone to visit her sick grandfather, with the exception of her brother, a boy of 13, who was about to go on some errand. He hastened off returning as quick as he could, and joined us in a wonderful time round the Word. Special told me that she and her brother read a portion of the New Testament each evening to their mother and grandmother (both of whom I have always found most responsive) explaining to them what they do not understand—for brother and sister can only read French, which the others do not understand very well. I hope to be able to arrange a regular meeting in this home, though they are always very busy, and it is difficult to get them all together at the same time.

Several other Christmas visits were made the following days to particularly interesting families, two of them send their children here to my classes, and all these visits were well worth while. In one house the little girl hardly gave me time to sit down before she asked me to tell mother about Christmas, and indeed her mother is always most keen to hear the Gospel, and is much more interested in time thus spent than in any idle chat one often has to indulge in before getting to the real thing the Message of Salvation.

Hallelujah for Christmas 1958 in Touggourt.

I. K. NASH.

## A.M.B. LITERATURE

PERHAPS it can hardly be called *literature*, for some of it is very simple reading—story tracts, with a lesson in them, sometimes allegorical. Amongst these are "The City of Refuge," "The Caterpillar who changed his mind," a Series of six tales called "Shadows of the Truth," "The Dream of Ali," and the story of the Camel who pushed his way into the tent, etc. Most of these were written by Miss Trotter, or by one of the members of the Band, and are printed in French or in simple Arabic.

Besides these, we have many booklets in Scripture words: the Birth, Death, and Resurrection of Christ, the History of Moses, of Abraham, of Noah, etc.; the History of JESUS, The Miracles of Jesus, The Reign of Jesus. Many of these are in French, but some also in Arabic. There

are also illustrated versions of the Lost Sheep, and the Lost Coin, and the Story of the Passover in French and Arabic.

Many of the old editions are exhausted, or nearly so now ; for instance, *The Prodigal Son*, with illustrations by Miss E. A. Wood, and the *Bird Book* (in Arabic, with Miss Trotter's pictures and words), for children. We should like to reprint, but the question always arises—with such money as we have should we not bring out new material, rather than reprints ?

With help from other publishing firms we have been able to have a reprint of Miss Trotter's "*Sevenfold Secret*," written for the *Mystics of Islam*, and first published for her by the Nile Mission Press, in classical Arabic. The Trinitarian Bible Society has been kind in printing for us more than once. The last of their printings was an Arabic version of "*Redemption in the Psalms*," which they had previously produced for us in French.

Our latest production is an Arabic edition of the Creation story (first published in French) : it is simply the Bible account of the Creation—followed by New Testament verses on the New Creation, the Second Adam, and the New Jerusalem.

What do we do with all these? First, of course, our workers can have them to distribute as opportunities arise in the homes visited, or in the markets and villages around. Then there are sometimes parcels sent to far-off places, where other missionaries find they can use them. The money obtained by the sale of these goes towards a fund for producing other literature. In the last 12 months, we have had orders from France and Tunisia, from Morocco and from Oran and other places in Algeria. Other parcels have gone as far as Sénégal, Moundou and Fort Lamy (in the Tchad region), Lomé (in Togoland). One lady in France wrote that she was glad to have the tracts to distribute in the prisons.

We have other projects in view, which we hope may be possible as time goes on, one being a little collection of choruses and hymns, which we feel might be acceptable to other missionaries. We have proved the usefulness and popularity of these in our stations, where there are classes for the children. They learn readily and enjoy singing these hymns, and learn something of the Gospel message from the words. In the homes we visit too, the women love to be sung to, and eagerly ask for their favourite hymns to be repeated, and in a good many families we are told that they often sing over all they know together. One dear old woman, whose life was spent in toiling for her family, with the unhappily married daughters and the sons who were always getting into trouble, told me that it helped her very much, when she was specially burdened with care, to repeat to herself the words of an Arabic version of the chorus "*Turn your eyes upon Jesus*." It brought back to her mind what she had learnt about Him ; and, turning to Him in prayer, her burdened heart was more at rest.

V. WOOD.

## HELPFUL GIFTS AND THOSE WHO ENJOY THEM

**T**HERE is a Society (the C.I.M.A.D.E.) that sends us gifts of milk or cheese and at times clothing. We receive these through the French Protestant Church to dispense among our needy people.

This time it is dried milk, and on the sacks it says it comes from Canada and we would thank them heartily. Here in a few words, I will try to tell of some of the many, who receive this help.

My first is a sad little woman, whose husband is serving a time in prison. If I translated her married name it would read "Wife of Joyful." She has several children, one about five years old, who shows no sign of ever being able to walk, and another of two or three years old seems quite deaf, and therefore dumb. She comes down from her mountain home twice a week, so thankful for anything we can give her—so thin and weak, but never complaining. I suppose she says like most Muslims—"It is written."

Another who receives this milk is a very sweet mother of seven children. We feel she really loves our Lord and is trusting Him; but she is far from strong and her husband (a chauffeur) seems to be often out of work. I fear it is through his habit of drinking. So the daughter in her teens has to try, by house work, to feed the hungry little family. At times her widowed sister comes to stay with them—she is almost heart-broken, for a year and more ago rebels broke into their house outside the town, and assassinated her husband, who was a loyal Arab teacher.

Then there is A. She is now 80 or more, living alone. I knew her fifty years ago as a brave, hard-working woman, with (at that time) a cruel drunken husband. Now with the help of a stick she comes regularly to the women's meeting. Utterly comic, she makes wonderful grimaces when I try to remind her of her Saviour. She lives alone, for her daughters, who have some means, have driven her from their homes.

There is also a miner, a quiet fellow, who seems to drink in the Good News when he has a spare day to come to see us with his two polite little sons. He has 9 children, and by the time you read this the tenth should have arrived. He is not really fit for his heavy work in the iron mines, and bad health at times prevents his earning, so it is a serious problem to feed the family. The eldest girl is just 14, the rest are at school or babies. The milk is surely valued there.

Lastly, there is a young married woman, with no children and in bad health, and with a husband who seems unable to work much. Her father is an Arab who went to France and married a French girl. When her three children were still little ones, the French wife forsook her husband and children. The children were given over to their father, and he brought them to Miliana. His daughter, before her marriage,

enjoyed coming to us to sing French hymns, but now she is sad and depressed, and seems fearful to listen to the Gospel. Her father and his Muslim wife have thrown her over. We see the two nationalities fighting in her—baptised an R.C., brought up by Muslims, and living in a fanatical house, where we find it hard to get a quiet time with her.

These few examples are enough for you to see we missionaries in Muslim lands need the co-operation of your prayer support.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

## A WOMEN'S MEETING IN RELIZANE

**W**HEN we were home last summer we had the privilege of speaking at several women's meetings, and found that the procedure at almost all of them was practically the same, and one could nearly say beforehand what the programme would be, but this is not so in Relizane.

One never knows who will be there or what will happen, and one has to adapt oneself to the circumstances. To begin with, the place of meeting is not a nicely heated, light, airy room, with comfortable seats or chairs, but a small, dark room without a window, and a piece of material over the doorway to serve as a curtain, being the house of one of our native women, where the whole family lives and sleeps, and the seating accommodation is a straw mat on the floor.

One day we went to one of these homes, and as we were going along the street two big girls followed us, asking where we were going. They knew the house and hurried on before us to announce our arrival. After greeting our friends we sat down with them on the floor, and other neighbours joined us, and soon we were twelve in that small room. After having to listen to their talk for some time we brought out our books, and began to repeat and explain the words of a hymn before singing it. There were several interruptions before we got through the hymn, and one of them said to the others, "Oh, be quiet and let them read." The mother and old grandmother had been out, and they came back and had to greet us with a kiss on both cheeks. Then the grandma, who was no doubt tired with her walk, lay down flat on the floor, and began rubbing her tired legs. We started again with our hymn, then one of the daughters jumped up and lighted a primus stove, and prepared to make mint tea. Another daughter was sewing, and after a little while went out to fetch scissors from somewhere. Then one of the big girls who had come in with us decided to leave. In between all this we continued our hymn singing and explanations, then we read from God's Word, and they listened remarkably well considering all the interruptions, and asked many questions. The grandma said, "Oh, those are wonderful words, if only we could remember them, but we so soon forget." Then we had to drink the tea, and afterwards the mother asked for a story which we had given a long, long time ago. It was encouraging to find that she remembered something of it, and as we read it she tried to explain it to the others. One poor woman who was there was rather

frivolous, and did not appear at first to be interested either in us or our message, and talked a good deal. Then quite suddenly her attitude changed, and she wept as she unburdened her heart, and told us that she was quite alone, and felt forsaken by God and man. While she was ill in hospital her husband had divorced her, and had taken another wife. She had worked hard to earn a living, but now was too ill to continue. We pray that what she heard may have cheered her troubled heart. Some of these women come occasionally to the Mission house, but many are afraid to come ; and so, by having our meetings in their homes, we contact many who otherwise would never hear the Gospel, and we often get invitations to other houses from neighbours or friends who come in to listen.

“ Out in the darkness, shadowed by sin,  
Souls are in bondage, souls we would win.  
How can we win them, how show the way ?  
Love never faileth, Love is the way.”

E. CLARK AND A. E. POWELL.

## A YEAR AGO—AND NOW

**J**UST one year ago a short article appeared in “ A Thirsty Land,” entitled “ Algeria’s Needs ; A Call to Prayer.” It was an attempt to show the great challenge facing the Band, and to call our faithful helpers to prayer. Prayer has been made, and God is working in answer to prayer. Yet much remains to be done. The challenge is as great, if not greater, than it was a year ago. The call to earnest, dedicated prayer becomes more insistent, while the “ Door of Opportunity ” remains open to us. And from every part of the field come encouraging reports of increasing activity. On every hand the call to advance is being clearly heard. Not for many years has Faith been so high, nor the call of God so insistent. “ It is a time for God to work.”

It is encouraging to see what has been accomplished, and challenging to see what remains to be done. It is good that hopes and aspirations should be measured by the stark reality of facts ; and that prayer should be reviewed in the light of answers granted and Faith tested against the glorious accomplishments of our Leader, Who is always “ Master of the impossible.” How does our prayer of Faith stand this test ?

Turn back to your copy of “ A Thirsty Land ” (No. 121) of March, 1958. Let us look at the land once again in the light of last year’s survey, that we may ask ourselves “ How much more might our God have wrought had prayer been more insistent, and faith more trusting ?

In the South, at Touggourt, Miss Nash remains without a helper. Oil is making this once quiet Oasis a centre of busy prospectors. Our house remains unoccupied, for God’s chosen ones have either not heard His call, or having heard have not responded.



Yet the South lands are not without encouragement: for Tolga, which did not figure in last year's survey, has seen—and rejoiced at—the arrival of a missionary helper for Madame Lull. It is particularly fitting that this young lady should be of Spanish descent for Monsieur Lull was himself Spanish. Yet while we praise God for this token of His favour in supplying the help Mme Lull so badly needed, we feel sure that somewhere others are being prepared to help reap the harvest of the faithful sowing of the Seed among the men by Mr. Lull.

Leaving the South lands still awaiting those who will bring them the water of life, let us call in at Tlemcen, our farthest west outpost. Here the re-opening of the house in July, 1958, was the sign for an immediate awakening of interest. The work has developed so quickly, Women's meeting, Children's classes, Older Boys' Group, village visiting, and so much remains undone that already Mr. and Mrs. Waine wish for another pair of hands, and feet, each. Although the picture is much brighter than a year ago, it only throws into deeper shadow the tremendous need all around. Many are the still unsatisfied souls who never hear of our Saviour's love because one pair of feet can only walk in one direction at a time, and one pair of lips can only tell the message to one group at a time. True, there is a mission car at Tlemcen, but that only increases our responsibility. It is so much more prudent to visit the outlying villages with a companion. More Scriptural too.



*Mlle. Rosita Ramos,  
Missionary-Aid at Tolga.*

*Orléansville*—What catastrophic memories the very name conjures up. This project it seems must be definitely shelved. It is just not possible to do anything. The prefabricated huts promised proved after all to be not available, and in any case, there is no one to go. On a recent journey I passed through Orléansville on the same day that General de Gaulle visited the town. Flags were flying gaily in his honour. The town, literally being reborn out of the ashes of the old, was agog with excitement. Hundreds of thousands from all around looking to one man for salvation? The missionary passed unnoticed. Is the new Orléansville to be denied a permanent Gospel testimony? Just a week ago earthquake tremors were reported again in this region. Surely the new Orléansville deserves a day of Gospel opportunity—or are its thousands of souls to live and die without even a chance to hear?

What of Sétif ? During the past year Mlle. Chollet has been carrying on alone, at Ain-Arnat ; but the house we have occupied so long there is required for development, and we are faced with the need to move. The obvious thing to do is to move into Sétif, as has been our desire for some time. To rent accommodation there seems impossible, but we have some possible houses in view, one of which it might be possible to obtain. The need is urgent, and as if to underline that this is God's moment, we have received an offer of help from an independent missionary in Switzerland to stand alongside Mlle. Chollet. So we hope and pray that we may find a house and an opening for work in that town, which may in future be extended as the Lord sends more workers to occupy that region.

This is as far as our survey last year went. Since then Miss Clark and Miss Powell have seen prayer answered in the provision of a house at Mostaganem, a large town some 45 miles from Relizane. At present they are dividing their time between these two towns, and report expanding opportunity at every visit they make to Mostaganem. It is unthinkable that this is God's only provision for the proclamation of the Gospel in this important town. And while they are at Mostaganem who is carrying on the work at Relizane ?

From Blida too and Miliana come reports of more work than the present missionaries can cope with and this in spite of the continuing unrest.

In Algiers, capital city of an exciting land where East and West meet, the need is always great. And still the labourers are few. And Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham who, feeling God's time had come for them to leave their active work on the Field, have left Dar Naama for England are greatly missed, though they are still fellow workers with us in every way possible.

This then is the situation *now* as compared with a year ago. Much cause for rejoicing and even greater cause for prayer. God is working, for in addition to the evidence of His presence with us briefly sketched here, we have had to consider new candidates in recent months. One, Miss D. B. Gow from Dundee was accepted at the last meeting of the Executive Committee and now awaits her passage money and entry permits. Prayer can liberate both. Others still in training, or otherwise temporarily detained are hearing and responding to God's call. Your prayers are being answered. God is sending out labourers. Pray on. The fields are white, white to harvest, and the labourers are still too few.

“PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST THAT HE WILL SEND FORTH LABOURERS INTO HIS HARVEST.”

R. J. WAINE.

## CHRISTMAS AT TOLGA

A CAR crammed with packages : Including a projector for film strips, an electrophone, toys for the Mission and personal luggage, together with the Pastor Audonneau and his family—left Constantine on a very cold morning at an early hour. Its destination was TOLGA, stopping on the way at Batna for the celebration of the Christmas service there.

On their arrival, early in the afternoon, at Tolga, the travellers were greeted by great cries of joy ; a good many little girls were already gathered before the door, waiting impatiently for the moment when “*Madame*” (that is, Mme Lull) would let them in to the class room,



*“ Thank you, kind friends, for your lovely Christmas gifts.”*

transformed for the occasion to a festal hall. Kouider, Mme. Lull’s trusty “handy man,” had set up a magnificent Christmas Tree (a tamarisk, cut down for the purpose); and had decorated it lovingly with much taste.

After a little while for rest and refreshment, the little girls being all there by this time (71 present out of the 74 who attended the school). The bell rang for all, great and small, to unite around the Tree and celebrate joyfully the Birth of the Saviour. Unnecessary to speak of the joy of all, and how their eyes shone—at last they could enter. Very correctly, each entered the hall, and sat down each in her proper place. Some big girls, “old girls” of the school were also there, and entered in their turn the class room which had been theirs, with some emotion, and lastly the two Protestant families of Tolga joined the happy group around the Tree.

The Fête began at once : Christmas hymns in French and Arabic, reading and recitations of the Christmas Story, and then Mme. Audonneau told them a story. Profound silence reigned, and every one was all ears to hear this story of a tiny little woman who had a big heart, and who received on Christmas Day a little child.

After some more singing, the Pastor Audonneau addressed the children, recounting the history of the Magi, those men who came from so far to adore the Infant Christ, and then came the prayer, and all heads were bowed in reverence.

Then it was that the moment waited for arrived: the Tree was lighted up, and all sang "Mon Beau Sapin," and the distribution of gifts began. Impossible to describe the joy of the children, the exclamations of surprise, then of happiness, which resounded, when each one discovered that there was really a doll for *her*—for *her very own*—for *her alone*. How their eyes shone, and how carefully they took their dolls in their arms, and what a big "thank you" burst out spontaneously—thanks to all those Christian friends who, so far away in Alsace, had thought of them. I don't know that this thank you was heard, but it was truly with all their hearts that they said it. And besides the dolls, each little girl received chocolate, sweets, cakes, and oranges, all received something and not one was forgotten.

But the time went on, and the curfew was near, and obliged us to separate, after all voices had united once more in a last song of praise to God.

That was how Christmas passed for the 71 pupils of the Mission of Tolga in 1958; but on the morning of January 5, we found them all again, quite happy to be coming back to school. And each of them was cuddling and petting her doll, these precious dolls, who were a proof to them of the love of God, shown by the sending of this gift from so far away by Christians who, without knowing them, had thought lovingly of them.

Before they went home, photographs were taken, in which each little girl held up gratefully the present she had received.

But there is yet more to be said—Christmas at Tolga does not mean simply a Christmas Tree for the school children. Christmas-tide goes on for several days: and in reality there were many others who were waiting as impatiently as the school girls for it to come. The next morning 42 mothers of little girls gathered in their turn round the Tree to hear their children sing of the joy of Christmas, and some very young mothers, who had been pupils, sang as they used to do the hymns they had learnt in school. Each of the mothers said thank you again for the presents given to their daughters. So they also shared in the joy of Christmas-tide.

The same day, in the afternoon, there was again a crowd before the door of the Mission station: 66 women (many of them nomads), 111 children, and about 40 schoolgirls with difficulty found room in the little hall, and once again the marvellous message was sounded forth, and the hymns of praise sung, and then all this crowd went away, not without having received a present (chocolate, biscuits).

Finally, on Saturday morning, it was the turn of the boys ; these have the privilege of going to the public school and understand French, they also heard the message, and also learned a little chorus, and thus repeated with the angels at Christmas—"Glory to God in the Highest, and goodwill towards men." Then each of them departed, carrying away a present, offered by Christian friends in Algeria, France, and elsewhere, and they also shouted a big thank you to those who had thought of them.

Christmas at Tolga perhaps is not quite like Christmas in France, but it is certain that, for the Christians founded that day in Tolga, it was a time of joy and gratitude to God that He had brought us together to the Feast in remembrance of the marvellous gift He has made to us in sending us His Son.

M. LULL.

## HOME OFFICE NOTES

*"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."*

In answer to much prayer for a London Centre for the work of the Band, the Lord has graciously led us to what we believe to be the house of His choice for our purposes, and our hearts are full of praise and thankfulness.

The house is a charming 'family' residence with its own garden, and is situated within reasonable access of an underground station in one of the suburbs.

It is anticipated that we shall move the London Office to this house, also it is our intention that it should be a home to which our missionaries on furlough might come at any time.

In due course, we hope to be able to offer temporary accommodation to missionaries of other evangelical societies, who may be desirous of staying in London a short while.

In the meantime, however, we should be glad to hear from any of our Readers who felt disposed to have a share in the setting up of the home, for almost any usable item of furniture or other household commodities in good condition, would be acceptable.

As and from early May, 1959, the address of the Algiers Mission Band will be :—

92, GORDON ROAD, EALING, LONDON, W. 13.

Telephone : PERivale 1765.

D.B.E.

*"The Love That Was Stronger,"* by Mrs. I. R. Govan Stewart.

Have you had your copy of this newly published and fascinating life-story of Miss Liliias Trotter? If not, we shall be pleased to send you one, price 5/6 in Great Britain, and 350 francs in Algeria, plus postage.

D.B.E.

## *An Easter Thought*

"One day they led Him up Calvary's mountain,  
One day they nailed Him to die on the tree ;  
Suffering anguish, despised and rejected ;  
Bearing our sins, my Redeemer is He!

One day the grave could conceal Him no longer,  
One day the stone rolled away from the door ;  
Then He arose, over death He had conquered ;  
Now is ascended, my Lord evermore!

*Living He loved me ; dying, He saved me ;  
Buried, He carried my sins far away ;  
Rising, He justified freely forever :  
One day He's coming—Oh, glorious day!*

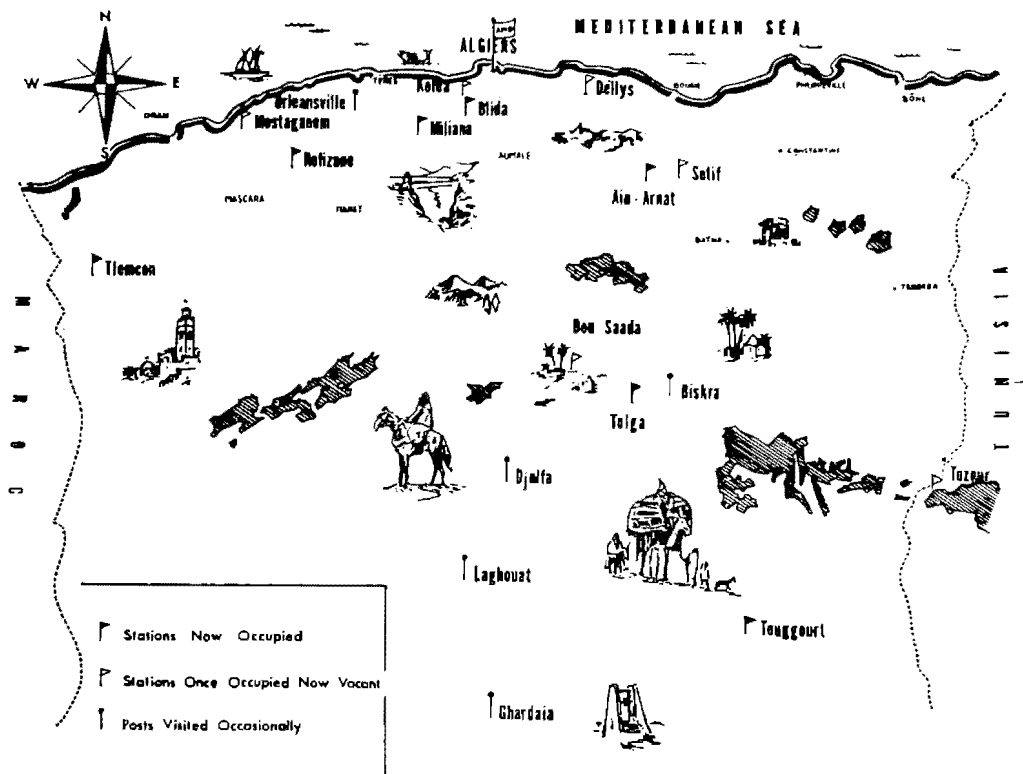
# ALGIERS MISSION BAND

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDED

30th JUNE, 1958

RECEIPTS	£	£	PAYMENTS	£	£
BALANCES, 1 July, 1957—			GENERAL FUND—		
Algiers ... ..	1,713		Algiers:		
London ... ..	3,672		Allowances to Missionaries	1,863	
	—	5,385	Rent, Taxes and Repairs	397	
GENERAL FUND—			Travelling and Furlough	369	
Donations, Algiers ...	130		Headquarters Expenses ...	221	
"    London ... ..	904		Lighting and Heating ...	223	
Income Tax Recovered	41		Postage & General Expenses	102	
Interest Received, Algiers	31				
"    London	842		London:		
Transfer from Legacy ...	2,738		Allowances to Missionaries temporarily in Britain ... ..		1,257
	—	4,686	Retired Missionaries' Allowances ... ..		190
DESIGNATED FUNDS—			Secretarial Allowance, Office Rent, Travelling, Postage and General Expenses ...		695
Donations, Algiers ...	261				5,317
"    London ... ..	973		DESIGNATED FUNDS—		
Literature Sales, Algiers	36		Literature Production ...	380	
"    "    London	78		Mission Transport ...	58	
	—	1,348	Special Purposes ...	142	
			Designated Support ...	346	
	£11,419		Personal ... ..	839	
					1,765
			BALANCES, 30th June, 1958—		
			Algiers ... ..	236	
			London ... ..	4,101	
				—	4,337
					£11,419

The above is a condensed abstract to the nearest £ sterling of the combined cash accounts of the Algiers Mission Band kept in Algiers and London. Transactions in French francs are included according to rates of exchange during the year, which varied between 980 and 1,176 francs to the pound. Audited copies of Mission accounts may be seen on request at our offices.



## STATIONS AND WORKERS

### ALGIERS (DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR)

1920 Mr. & Mrs. H. W. Buckenham  
 1920 Miss V. Wood  
 1956 Mr. & Mrs. P. G. Longley  
 1948 Mlle. Y. Félix

### BLIDA

1929 Miss P. M. Russell  
 1948 Mlle. J. Guibé

### MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff  
 1956 Miss E. Collins.

### RELIZANE (MOSTAGANEM)

1947 Miss E. Clark  
 1951 Miss A. E. Powell

### TLEMCEN

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

### TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull  
 Mlle. R. Ramos

### TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash

### AIN-ARNAT (SETIF)

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet